

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

A Man-Killing Railroad.

The Prosecuting Attorney and the County Physician of the New Jersey county in which the Lehigh Valley Railroad killed seventeen people two weeks ago have decided, after talking the thing over at the railroad offices in this city, that the affair does not call for an inquest. The company, according to Prosecutor Voorhees, is not criminally liable, although it may possibly have some civil responsibility.

This accommodating decision, proving that the official authorities in New Jersey cannot be depended upon to enforce a regard for human life upon corporations, throws the public back upon voluntary action for its own protection. Nobody will be hurt on the Lehigh Valley Road if nobody travels on it.

The disaster at Dunellen brought out the fact that the line had no block system on the stretch of track on which the collision occurred. The management of the road seems to leave much to be desired.

Over a year ago, on December 12, 1897, two trains were wrecked in the Washington tunnel, near Wilkesbarre. The engineer of one of them admitted that the signals at the mouth of the tunnel were against him, and that he should have stopped, but said that as the signals had been out of order for some time he thought they were still out of order and that the track was clear.

That was typical. Apparently the signals and everything else on the line have been out of order ever since.

On the 5th of November last a truck under a coal car jumped the rails, probably on account of some imperfection in the track or rolling stock, and the result was a collision directly in front of the Bound Brook station by which one man was killed and several others badly injured. Less than a week later a passenger train dashed down a mountain and smashed into another passenger train near Wilkesbarre, killing four men, fatally wounding another and injuring three more.

Finally, on January 9 of this year, came the frightful calamity at Dunellen, in which seventeen persons were killed and thirty-six injured. It would hardly be surprising if this culminating horror should discourage travel by the Lehigh Valley until the road had been put into such condition as to give a passenger a reasonable chance for life. A corporation may sometimes exert such influence over officials as to make it appear able to break its pleasure on the public with impunity, but in the long run the public is the master. Prosecuting attorneys may be influenced, but there is no "pull" that can compel patronage and stay the advance of insolvency.

RIP VAN WINKLE AT ALBANY.

State Senator Marshall has embodied in a bill the amazing proposition that the corporations receiving franchises for the construction of underground railroads in New York shall be exempted from the charter restrictions prohibiting grants in perpetuity. If this measure should be passed our descendants five hundred years hence might find their whole city undermined with private tunnels, over which they could have no control.

The day of perpetual franchises to corporations has passed forever. When we get ready to take another step it will be one forward, not backward. It will be in the direction of municipal ownership, not in that of more abject submission to corporate rule.

ONE OF CIVILIZATION'S AWFUL DILEMMAS.

Louis J. Snure was a trusted clerk in a wealthy dry goods house. His employers placed such confidence in his honesty that they allowed him to sign checks for them, to draw money and to handle hundreds of thousands of dollars in the course of the year's business. For his services they paid him \$15 a week.

Snure was married. His wife was young and he was young, and all life lay before them. Then, without warning, his wife fell victim to consumption.

Despite all progress in medical science there is to-day no specific cure for pulmonary tuberculosis. True, many cases that ten years ago would have been abandoned as hopeless can be cured, but there are those which defy all treatment and which, in the face of all medicines, grow stubbornly worse. In these cases no course remains save to fight tooth and nail for the postponement of the end, counting each day of life a day gained. To do this the patient must search the world over for a beneficent climate and ransack the world's markets and vineyards for the best food and most nourishing stimulants. And in this way death may be fought and ward off many, many years. It is the last chance.

The physicians told Snure that they could not cure his wife. If he took her to the South of France, where the Alps run down to the warm sea, it would probably prolong

her life. At any rate it was the only thing to do. And Snure was earning \$15 a week, with no prospect of doing better, and there was no charitable institution or public enterprise or steamship company that sent people to the South of France to prolong their lives, and in all this wealthy and glorious land there was no other human being that cared whether Snure's wife lived a few months more or a few months less, save Snure. And after carefully weighing the matter—his wife's life against his own honesty—he decided that the former was of greater consequence to him. So he robbed his employers of enough money to enable him to take his wife to Europe and travel there in sunny lands for a year. Her case, however, was hopeless, and they came back to New York, she to die, he to pay for those months of comfort. He confessed all his thefts and, the matter being so exceedingly simple, Justice will have no difficulty in winning a triumph.

It is right that he should be punished, and punished severely. The whole fabric of modern society were endangered by failure to punish him. But must there not be something radically wrong with the conditions that placed such an awful choice before him? Who, at the bottom of his heart can find the sternness to blame him?

Forty-eight to six. That is the comparative strength of the friends and opponents of an American canal across the Isthmus of Nicaragua, as exhibited by yesterday's vote in the Senate. With the impetus of this splendid victory there will be no trouble in passing the bill through the House, where filibustering is powerless. The Oregon has achieved a greater work than she accomplished at Santiago. The canal is assured.

This is a good time to recall the fact that one of the items of the National Policy which the Journal has been advocating so insistently and so successfully for the past year has been:

DIG THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

EDMUNDS ON THE POLYGAMIST.

Ex-Senator George F. Edmunds makes, in to-day's Journal, an important contribution on the subject of the proposed expulsion of Congressman-elect Roberts. After a careful study of all the questions involved Senator Edmunds arrives at the conclusion that even if Roberts is given his seat the House of Representatives can expel him if it is satisfied that he is "an open, practical and persistent polygamist."

If the House refuses to remove him it will, in the opinion of Senator Edmunds, "have given its acquiescent approval of the conduct of Roberts."

This strips the matter of all technical obstructions and reduces it to a question of morals—where it properly belongs. Senator Edmunds' article was prepared especially for the Christian Herald, but that enterprising religious publication has very kindly given the Journal permission to print it three days in advance of its appearance in its own columns. Both the Christian Herald and Senator Edmunds are decidedly in sympathy with the Journal's crusade in the interests of the American home. The article will also appear in the Christian Herald in its issue of Wednesday next.

SURVIVALS OF SAVAGERY.

Occasionally something happens even yet that shows us how far we are from being really civilized. For instance, the other day a man, bearing no outward traces of a similar ancestry, walked into Morning-side Park with a pot of paint and calmly proceeded to decorate one of the picturesque old rocks at the foot of the hill with an advertisement of a certain brand of rye whiskey. There was no policeman in sight, and the crime was almost consummated before some of the dazed residents of the neighborhood succeeded in stopping the nefarious work. Imagine the amount of savagery that must still survive in a community in which it is possible for a business house to imagine that such an outrage would commend its wares to the favor of the public. When even our parks are not safe from the brush of the devastating advertiser, what can we expect for the unprotected natural beauties of the country?

NOT A TIME FOR OBSTRUCTION.

The opponents of the treaty have been counting on Senator Gorman to lead a filibustering movement that would prevent its ratification at this session. They will have to look elsewhere for that kind of assistance. The Senator has announced that, while he will move an amendment to the treaty declaring for the independence of the Philippines, he will not favor any unnecessary delay in reaching a vote.

The Journal has contended that it is the wise and patriotic thing to approve the work of the Paris Commission and leave the more complicated question of how to govern the Philippines for future settlement. In confirming the treaty the Senate does not commit itself to any definite policy. The prob-

lem that confronts us in the Pacific must be settled without delay, and its discussion will afford the anti-expansionists opportunity for a full expression of opinion. They cannot hope to gain the support of the country by the questionable practice of putting a rider on the peace treaty in the shape of an amendment that is calculated to increase rather than to settle the perplexities of the situation in the Philippines.

As able a statesman and as loyal a Democrat as Senator Gray has risen superior to his personal feelings, and while originally opposed to our acquisition of the Philippines, has signed the treaty and will vote for its ratification rather than reopen the questions that were so effectually settled by the Paris conference. He prefers to battle for his convictions when the problems growing out of the treaty come up for disposal, and his fellow Senators who have been shaken by the bogey of "imperialism" cannot do better than follow his sensible example.

JUSTICE, NOT PERSECUTION.

The District-Attorney's office is making an unusual effort to prevent Mrs. Payne Strahan Moore from giving bail. When there is a probability of a bondsman being secured all manner of technical objections are offered, winding up with a motion to increase the amount of her bail.

What is there in this case that demands such action on the part of the officials? Has the report that a prominent Judge figured in a badger case similar to Mahon's prompted the District-Attorney's office to treat Mrs. Moore differently from others charged with criminal offenses?

If this is a bailable case the prisoner is entitled to any mercy or consideration the law may provide. The fact that the names of influential men may be dragged into the trial should have no weight with the authorities.

The law is no respecter of persons. It does not countenance favoritism or persecution. The District-Attorney's office should carefully avoid any exhibition of personal feeling in dealing with Mrs. Moore's application for bail.

WELCOME TO THE ASTOR BATTERY.

The Astor Battery is due in New York this morning. There will be no mistaking the heartiness of its reception. This city is proud of the achievements of the battery. The organization has made an enviable record. Its service in the fighting around Manila has been commended in the official reports.

Whether on the long journey to the Philippines, during the trying days in camp, fighting Spaniards or facing the insurgents, the Astor Battery has borne privation and suffering uncomplainingly. The pride in the contemplation of any duty well done is enhanced in this case by reason of the fact that the battery was equipped by a New Yorker—John Jacob Astor—and its members are New York men.

They will be made to understand this morning how thoroughly their services to their country are appreciated by the citizens of New York.

The Prey of Official Buzzards.

[Buffalo Enquirer.] It is not pleasant to admit that the American army has been the prey of official buzzards, as pictured by Homer Davenport in the New York Journal. Americans prefer to believe that in time of national danger even small men may rise above vulgar politics.

But it is no longer wise or patriotic to cover the War Department with a mantle of charity. Its acts, and still more significantly, its omissions, damn it.

From the day Mr. Alger received his portfolio no other design has been evidenced by his acts than to crush General Miles and to build up a political machine. He has hoped fatuously to gratify his absurd ambition for the Presidential nomination.

That he has failed because, like all small politicians, he was not able to see that a clean record is the best politics, does not lessen his guilt.

With that obese incompetent, Shafter, the obscene Egan and the amateur soldier, Adjutant-General Corbin, Alger has jumbled and mismanaged the war and demoralized the regular army. Now that his sins are beginning to find him out he appeals to his fellow buzzards for vindication. Perched upon the poisonous beef job, it is characteristic that he should turn to Shafter; and it is characteristic of Shafter, who has approved of every blunder, every murderous omission of the War Department, that he should reply: "Finest beef I ever ate."

Thanks from the Hatters.

At a meeting of the General Executive Board of the United Hatters of North America, held on the 18th inst., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The New York Journal has issued a labor bulletin, which far surpasses anything of a similar nature that has heretofore been issued, and

Whereas, We feel that this liberal action on the part of the Journal proves conclusively that organized labor has a good friend in said newspaper; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the thanks of the United Hatters of North America are hereby tendered to the proprietor of the New York Journal, not only for this proof of his friendliness toward organized labor, but also for the disposition that he has always shown to better the condition of the wage workers of this country.

JOHN A. MOFFITT, President.
MARTIN LAWLER, Vice-President.
JOHN PHILLIPS, Secretary.
EDWARD MOORE, Treasurer.

Making Egan Wince.

[Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.] The New York Journal's fun with Commissary General Egan is in a nature to make that scoundrel wince. When he announced that the Journal and other papers ought to be tried for treason, the Journal promptly offered to pay all expenses if Egan would prefer charges, the sole provision being that Egan should go upon the witness stand. To this Egan retorted that he didn't believe that the Journal had money enough to pay such expenses, whereupon the Journal put up at a New York bank a certified check of goodly proportions, with the proviso that none of it is to be used to pay off gambling debts for which General Egan has been court-martialed.

PRATTLE, BY AMBROSE BIERCE.

THE demand of butchers and bakers in one of our States for special and unusual legislation to enable them to collect bad debts supplies occasion for remarks on the general subject. The demand for such legislation is impudent. Why should the rest of us assist indolent creditors to avert the natural consequences of their own indolence? We go enough of that already the community is heavily taxed to support courts that are largely occupied in collecting debts for Tom, Dick and Harry whose intellectual delinquencies have "got them in a hole." The new proposal is, in brief, that a man who owes for "the necessities of life" and will not pay may be compelled to make a showing of his resources before a magistrate, and if declared able to pay and commanded to do so may be imprisoned for disobedience. This may be called imprisonment for debt or imprisonment for contempt of court, as one may choose; the name is of no importance and should carry no prejudice for or against. Imprisonment for debt is not necessarily unjust. Indeed, if a debtor can pay and will not pay he deserves jailing if anybody does. Naturally (because it is foolish to do so) everybody in discussing this matter quotes, or refers, or alludes to, Dickens—as if the imprisonment for debt which he imagined, or if you please described, were the only possible kind. It is practicable to have imprisonment for debt with the debtor safeguarded by all the "rights," "presumptions" and other advantages that are now accorded to other accused persons. The objection to the proposed law is that it does not so protect him. A man's ability to pay a debt is not an easy thing to determine, nor is a country Justice of the Peace (elected to the office because, although bald, he has not yet held it) the man intelligently to determine it. A man may have unobtainable liabilities—obligations entailing expenses that cannot honestly be named and explained. I cannot myself think what such might be, but I'm told that not all good men have always been moral and discreet.

A gentleman whose acquaintance with the world's dark side enables him to speak with dreadful facility of human weakness and wickedness, and their results kindly supplies me with the following supposable instance of a debtor's secret liability: "A married man's maintenance and child born out of wedlock, and of his unfortunate mother. A Government employé's division of his salary with the benefactor and patriot who procured him his position. Occasional 'loans' to gentlemen with a 'pull.' Frequent glitcho to decayed gentlemen with whom one used to 'run' before one went good. Ditto and presents to female person with whom ditto ditto ditto." Dear me, dear me! I never should have thought of such things. No, indeed, a defaulting debtor had up before a Justice of the Peace and the newspaper reporters can hardly be expected to plead such shocking liabilities as those.

The proposed statute is to afford relief to such creditors only as supply the "necessaries of life." Why not to all? He who purveys the necessities is no better than he who purveys the luxuries; for if the rich could get nothing that they do not need the poor could get nothing that they do need. It is chiefly in the production and distribution of luxuries that labor is paid wages. Possession of what they could get on without is what distinguishes the civilized from the savage race; exclude luxuries and in a generation we should all sit on our haunches gnawing raw bones and munching roots. Why then this invidious distinction between the butcher and baker and those who also dandle the temple by changing money and selling doves? Nay, what has the harmless, necessary preacher done that he should be denied the right to lock up his delinquent parishioners?

What are "necessaries of life"? Obviously whatever it is necessary to have in order to live—food and, in this climate, shelter and clothing. The sturdy debtor in England a man able but unwilling to work is called a "sturdy beggar"—the sturdy debtor of the tailor is entitled to no special consideration. And the sturdy debtor delinquent in his house-rent—to turn him into the street is not enough; he should be turned into jail along with the sturdy debtors who owe for bread and beef. His landlord, poor fellow, is a dealer in the necessities of life if the butcher and the baker are. Are they? Food is a necessary of life, but

any particular kind of food is not. Meat is not—the vegetarians thrive without it. Bread is not—one can live on unbaked wheat ground in one's own millinery mill. And I must be permitted to say that in my judgment the human jaw may be more innocently employed in crushing grain than in advocacy of this absurd and mischievous law.

If one does not want bad debts the law does not compel; one can refuse credit if one wants to. If one is too good natured, too careless or too cowardly, that is one's own affair; the State cannot advantageously undertake to make good nature, carelessness or cowardice a bed of roses. For my part I favor abolition of all laws for collection of private debts; that is, I think the State should cease trying to do what it cannot do effectively, and what even when imperfectly done tends to lower the moral standards of the people and deprive honorable men of the just advantage due to character and reputation. If there were no laws for collection of debt, such men would be everywhere at the head of affairs, for such only would be able to borrow money or obtain anything on credit. Doubtless the change to such a system would profoundly affect trade and the industries in all their aspects and ramifications, entailing radical alterations; but I know of nothing, excepting most other things, in which radical alterations are so greatly needed. But while waiting to "halt the dawn of a new era" let us not be too confident that protagonists of the era that we have will overlook the opportunity to amend optional payment with compulsory credit.

Two Americans have a project afoot for setting up a college at Oxford to educate men to become "labor leaders." Excellent; gentlemen who lead labor instead of performing it are commonly in dire need of education. I would respectfully suggest that the new college have a Chair of Not Selling Out to the Tyrant Capitalist.

"No, no, erudite, clever and esteemed contemporary, it was not 'a French cynic' who declared that a woman who wrote kept one eye on the papers while the other was fixed on a man"; it was a German poet—none other than Heinrich Heine. And that is not what he 'declared,' but that she kept one eye on her paper—that is her writing—and the other on some man. It is but fair to the illustrious literatures of the Women's Press Association to add that he admitted one exception: the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who had only one eye.

One of the most deplorable incidents of the Spanish war is the side fight between General Miles and Egan. The worst of it is the ridicule to which it exposes the American army by foreign officers and people. What their contempt must be for a military system in which such language as General Egan used of the head of the army is possible or distinctly conceivable passeth understanding. General Miles, whether or not he was justified, or thought himself justified, in making so grave charges against, not General Egan, but the department of the service of which that officer is the head, made them with soldierly dignity and in moderate words. For General Egan's manner of denial there is nothing to be said. It was made in the language of backguards and had all the feebleness of unrestraint. I am not among the admirers of General Miles, and General Egan has been my personal friend for more than a score of years; but as an observer of events, with some knowledge of military etiquette and, I hope, a rudimentary acquaintance with what is fitting among gentlemen, I must say that this insubordinate subordinate has disgraced his rank, dishonored the service, violated the decent decorum of society and thrown discredit upon all who have called him friend. For the effect upon General Miles I care nothing; for the good of the service I have nothing to suggest—it is abundantly provided with means for bringing officers to book; General Egan's personal relations with others and the amount of strain that they will bear do not concern me; but in resentment of the suspicion that he has thrown upon my knowledge of character and judgment of men I add my voice to whatever demand may be made for his punishment. With the public offices of a stranger or an enemy I can bear as charitably as any one,

but when my friend dishonors himself he dishonors me, and I do not have it. What this fiery Comensary of Substinence must needs—ah, from good manners and a decent vocabulary—is a less peaceful vocation. I have the honor to suggest that he be taken to the land of Aguinado and drummed into camp.

A TRANSIENT RECORD OF INDIVIDUAL OPINION.

McKINLEY—Since our last conversation you have grown bold.

AGUINALDO—That, senior, is because you have grown frank. You no longer cajole, you threaten. McK—You are not proficient in our language; we call it proclain.

A—Ah, it was a proclamation—that makes a difference. Still, we don't want you to proclain us with the loss of our country.

McK—Your country? Why, my great and good friend, the sovereignty of these islands has been vested in Spain ever since they were discovered by Magellan.

A—Did Magellan discover us?

McK—Certainly, don't you know the history of your own people?

A—How strange!—we have always supposed that we discovered Magellan.

McK—Levity is not very becoming to you just now.

A—Pardon me, but you should not complain. You will find our levity more agreeable than our gravity. We can be earnest enough on occasion, especially when armed with Mausers.

McK—Well, you ungrateful person, did not Dewey arm a lot of you from the captured arsenal of Cavite? And are you going to turn our own gifts against us?

A—I stand rebuked. Can you tell me, illustrious one, why Dewey gave us those weapons? Was it that we might achieve a new dependence? Was it that we might wring from Spain the liberty to serve the United States?

McK—I don't care to go into that.

A—Naturally; but your Consul at Hong Kong cared to go into it. For our good will and assistance he promised us independence.

McK—Mr. Wildman is a good man, but he cannot direct our Department of State.

A—No, but he appears to be a power in the Bureau of Prisons.

McK—I have disavowed his action.

A—Having first secured its advantages. Your footstep disavowal was a long time overtaking the promise.

McK—Well, we have bought the islands.

A—From a power which held only a single point of them, and held that by so precarious a tenure that we afterward took it away from her, as we had previously taken all other points except one, and that you had taken yourselves. Pardon, senior, but you amuse.

McK—What are you going to do about it?

A—We hold the islands and the Spanish prisoners whom you have undertaken to release. It is your move, senior.

McK—(To Secretary Alger)—Recall that expedition from Iloilo. (To Senator Foraker) Go into the Senate chamber and make a backdown speech in the name of the Administration. (To Dewey) If any man attempts to haul down the American flag promote him on the spot. Under favor of Divine Providence may the devil take everything that expands!

A telegraph company is suing a railway company, and with a steadfast faith in the familiar proverb, honest men stand expectantly about, in the hope of coming by one another's.

A notorious criminal named Thrasher Meade is in custody in Enterprise, Miss. As he is known to have broken out of twenty-one jails and a penitentiary it is to be hoped that the house of detention at Enterprise will be strengthened with another coat of paint.

General Shafter is going to California to assume command of that military department, and thenceforth will "curse from his cot" in San Francisco. Although at Santiago this fat and distinguished officer was victorious over Famine, he was disastrously defeated by Pestilence; so it is an error to send him out there where there is not much to fight besides the grip. True, there are God and the newspapers, but they are giving little trouble at present.

M'DOUGALL DISCOVERS AN OVERWORKED UNION.

from forgetting that they are in the French Ball and golog to sleep.

"Sometimes when it gets just sloppy and dead you have to start a fight with another waiter, and then get taken off by a fake copper. Sometimes some duck on the outside joins in, as like as not, and you get one or two good pokes in the neck. I got a black eye and lost two teeth

last year, so to-night I wouldn't go in for the scrap act, but I did the coop's part.

"It's a regular lightning change business, and all kinds of luck. Last year at the Arlon I was a German knight. I was fastened into a misfit suit of tin armor too tight for me to wear anything under it, and every time I moved it cut hunks out of me. Till I was like a Hamburger steak, and if I stood still I froze into it. Some day poured wine down into my back, and my feet were frost-bitten before they could find a can-opener to get me out. But, say, I don't want any more Rough Rider clothes either, unless they furnish tropical weather with them. Well, to make a long story short, I had to do all these things and then go out and call carriages for about half an hour. That's no jest either. Then I got a chance to make a bit by taking up this cab for awhile, from a friend of mine, and there you are again.

"The worst of it is that we don't get any hoozie until the Circle dee Fransay dee Amitee meets next month.

"The Roisterers' Union is making a kick on that, however," he added, after a pause, seeing that his remark made but little impression upon me. I was beginning to believe that he was deluding me, you see.

"The union claims," he went on to say, "that when the Roisterer puts in a good night, being blithe and gay, droll, full of repartee and badinage, rollicking, vivacious, merry as a grig, a very son of Momus,"—with a dramatic flourish—"he deserves to get his money right on the nail. That's right, eh?"

"He does, indeed," I assented, as I got down from the box.

"Well, I'm through. I'm going to be a sandwich man. It's an easier business, and don't call for no false pretences. Thank you, sir. Good morning!"

WALT M'DOUGALL.

THE ROISTERER'S REMONSTRANCE.

THE French Ball was nearly over when I left, wearied with vainly hoping to see something to repay me for my loss of sleep. At the corner of the street a cabman, pale and gray as the Winter dawn, accosted me. His voice was a plaintive bleat that caught on the ragged edge of my sympathy, and I said: "If you'll let me



"TO-NIGHT I WAS A PHILIPPINE ISLANDER."

ride on the box with you I'll engage you. I need the fresh air."

After I had ridden several blocks I observed that his eyes were closed. "Are you, who are supposed to be a nocturnal animal, getting sleepy as day approaches?" I asked.

"I'm dead played out," he replied.

"Been pretty busy taking people to and fro all night?" I queried.

"None—this is my first job on the cab," he answered.

"What have you been engaged in to cause this noticeable tired feeling?"

"I'm a Roisterer," he answered, gloomily.

"A which?"

"A professional Roisterer."

"Come again," I murmured.

"One of the unfortunate beings who are hired to open the French and other big balls with revelry and hilarious mirth," he replied, with the air of a country undertaker. "I've been simulating mad glee and riotous carousal since eleven-thirty, and seven hours' steady gleeful knocks me silly nowadays. I'm getting too old for the work."

"Seems pretty easy," I ventured to suggest.

"It's the hardest kind of toll the way it is put on to you these times. Fifteen years ago or so it was pretty decent, but the system they work on now is too much on a man. Without saying a word about the rehearsals, it's more than one man ought to do. These balls are getting pretty far on the 'blink,' as you might say. There was a time when we roisterers only had to go on the floor in a sailor's suit or a copper's uniform, or something like that, with a Johnny-jump-up mask on, and do a turn or two and the whole gang would be at it in a minute, doing their own rev'ling in a hearty and wholesome Parisian

manner. Nowadays, instead of starting the ball with a parade of clowns, mermaids, merry archers and fairy queens, and doing one quadrille as an eye-opener, and then going home, we have to do all the work. Nobody ever dances at a French ball except the regular hired roisterers now."

"Well, dancing isn't the worst way of earning a living," I said.

"Taint the dancing I'm kicking at. It's the other work. I go on at, say nine, for final rehearsal before the ball begins. Then I put on a thin seersucker Rough Rider's suit, with the thermometer in the Garden at nineteen degrees, and begin to roist. No matter what my mood is, or my personal troubles, I have to affect a gayety and bonhomie that is wholly artificial. Later that's all right, that's my regular work. Later on I change costumes and appear as a harlequin or the like of that. To-night I was a Philippine Islander, in black cotton tights, and revolved around the floor with a Dago woman in a Porto Rico costume. She wasn't very gay, because her husband had just been sent up to Sing Sing. But she did her act all right. At two o'clock I put on my dress suit and went to wait on a table in the wine room. That's the tough part of the job, for you have to be a smooth, slick guy and a prize-fighter all in one. But I wasn't there long to-night. Business was so good that I had to help in the mixing room about half-past three."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"That's where they make the French Ball champagne. It's the downstairs, in the rear. When they've used up the supply of bottled stuff that's made up a few days before, they start in filling the bottles with a mixture of hard cider, applejack and Croton water, charged with carbonic acid gas. They have a machine there that socks the gas into it, corks it and puts the tin foil on all in one swat. Then it's labelled when it's called for. A waiter comes in, yells 'Doelger Sec!' or 'Greaves, Extra Dry!' I slap on the label, and there you are, at five a bottle. They've got any old label you ask for, but it's all the same stuff."

"But you can't settle down at your work, for any minute you may be called on to rush out and do something hilarious on the floor to keep people

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